my way of thinking its proper location is near *A. rupestris.* It certainly reveals but small affinity to the species of the Eurynome-group.

Besides the species of *Argvnnis* enumerated in the foregoing pages and delineated upon the plates, there are several others of more or less doubtful validity credited to our fauna, and a number of varieties which have received names. With all of these the more advanced student will become familiar as he prosecutes his researches, but it is not necessary to speak of them here.

A RACE AFTER A BUTTERFLY

There is much that is pleasing about "first things." I shall never forget the first dollar I earned; the first trout I took with my fly; the first muskalonge I gaffed beside my canoe on a still Canadian lake; the first voyage I made across the Atlantic. So I shall never forget my first capture of a female specimen of *Argvnnis diana.*

My home in my boyhood was in North Carolina, in the village of Salem, famous as one of the most successful of the settlements made by the Moravian Brethren under the lead of the good Count Zinzendorf, and well known throughout the Southern States as the seat of an excellent seminary for young ladies. The Civil War broke out, and the hopes cherished of sending me North to be educated were disappointed. I was left to pursue my studies under a tutor, and to roarn the neighborhood in quest of insects, of which I gathered a large collection.

One day I spied upon a bed of verbenas a magnificent butterfly with broad expanse of wing and large blue spots upon the secondaries. In breathless haste I rushed into the house and got my net. To the joy of my heart, when I returned to the spot, the beauty was still hovering over the crimson blossoms. But, as I drew near with fell intent, it rose and sailed away*

Across the garden, over the fence, across the churchyard, out into the street, with leisurely flight the coveted prize sped its way, while I quickly followed, net in hand. Once upon the dusty street, its flight was accelerated; my rapid walking was converted into a run. Down past the church and — *horribile dictu!*— past the boarding-school that pesky butterfly flew. I would rather have